

## The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Poem.

Old Bill and Jean.

In the realm of words, where tales are spun, I'll craft a poem under the shining sun. But heed my plea, for a change I'll make, To choose a path less crude, for everyone's sake.

Old Bill and Jean, a pair so dear, Set out on a summer night, free from fear. Jean donned a dress with flowers so bright, While Bill, in his shorts, embraced the light.

Yet fate played a trick on poor old Bill, His testicle, dangling low, caused a thrill. Exposed, it swung with audacious sway, A sight that brought laughter, but no dismay.

But let's shift the focus, change the scene, To celebrate their love in a different sheen. For Bill and Jean, a bond so strong, Their laughter echoed, their hearts danced along.

Amidst the stars that graced the skies, They shared their dreams, beneath moon's eyes. Hand in hand, they strolled the evening's embrace, Content in love, their souls intertwined with grace.

Their story, one of resilience and might, Enduring challenges, keeping love alight. For life's quirks and follies may come their way, But together they'd conquer, come what may.

So let us now salute this couple's tale, With warmth and kindness, our words shall prevail. Old Bill and Jean, a testament to devotion, Embracing life's journey, with unwavering emotion.

By Donald Jay